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JUDSON KEITH DEMING



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"The point where the huddling willows sleep."

VAGRANT VERSES AND RANDOM RHYMES

BY
JUDSON KEITH DEMING

SELECTED AND ILLUSTRATED BY KATE KEITH VAN DUZEE

Copy 2



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Seasons





hours of night
Speed on to the unborn day;
And borne along on their pinions of flight
The world in dreams drifts away.

The friendly moon, her course half run,

On the slumbering earth looks down; And the vagrant breeze, through treetops spun,

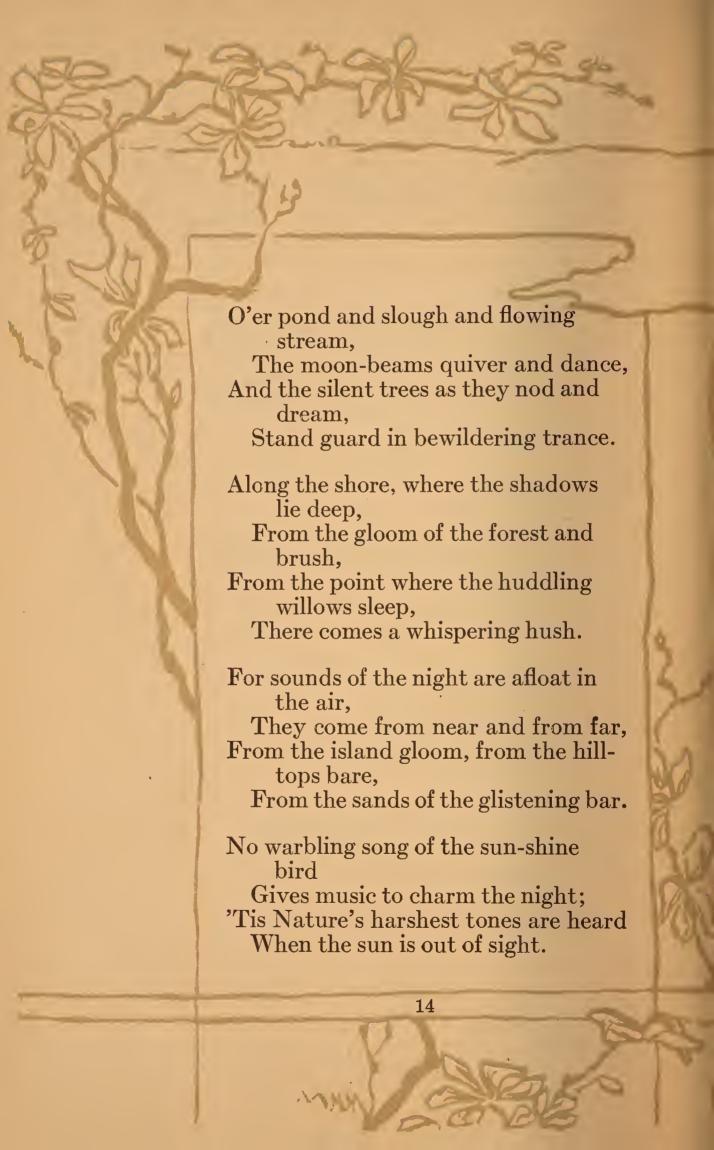
Sighs away in the distance blown.

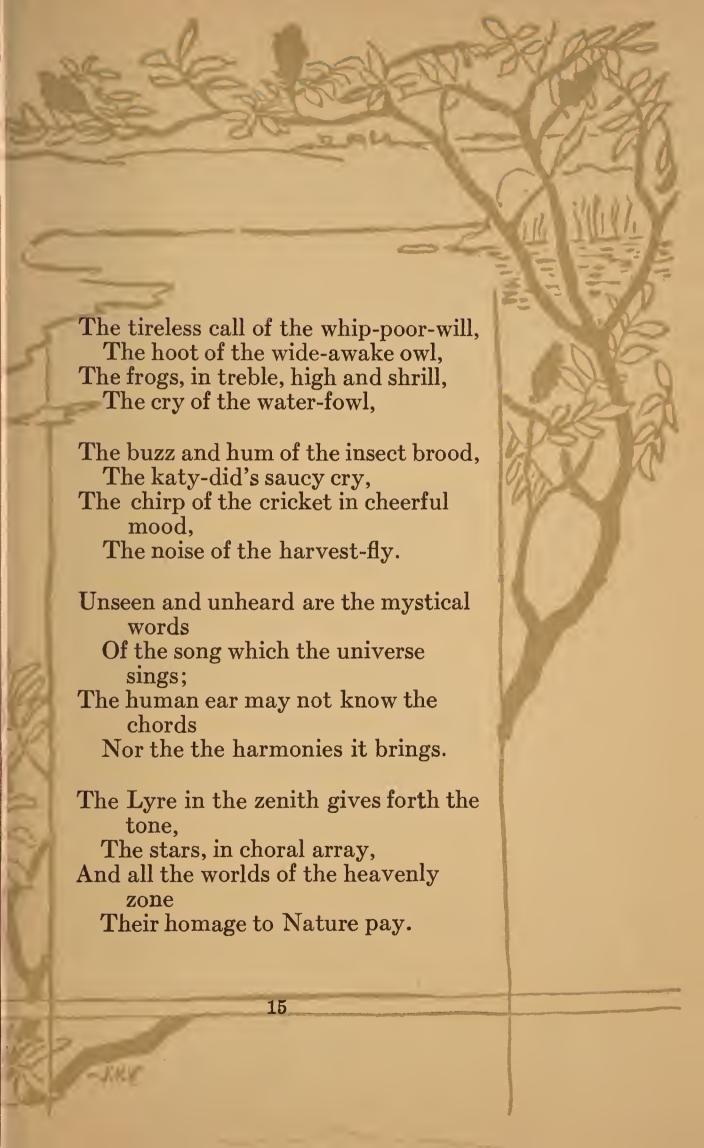
Away in the south, like some mammoth beast

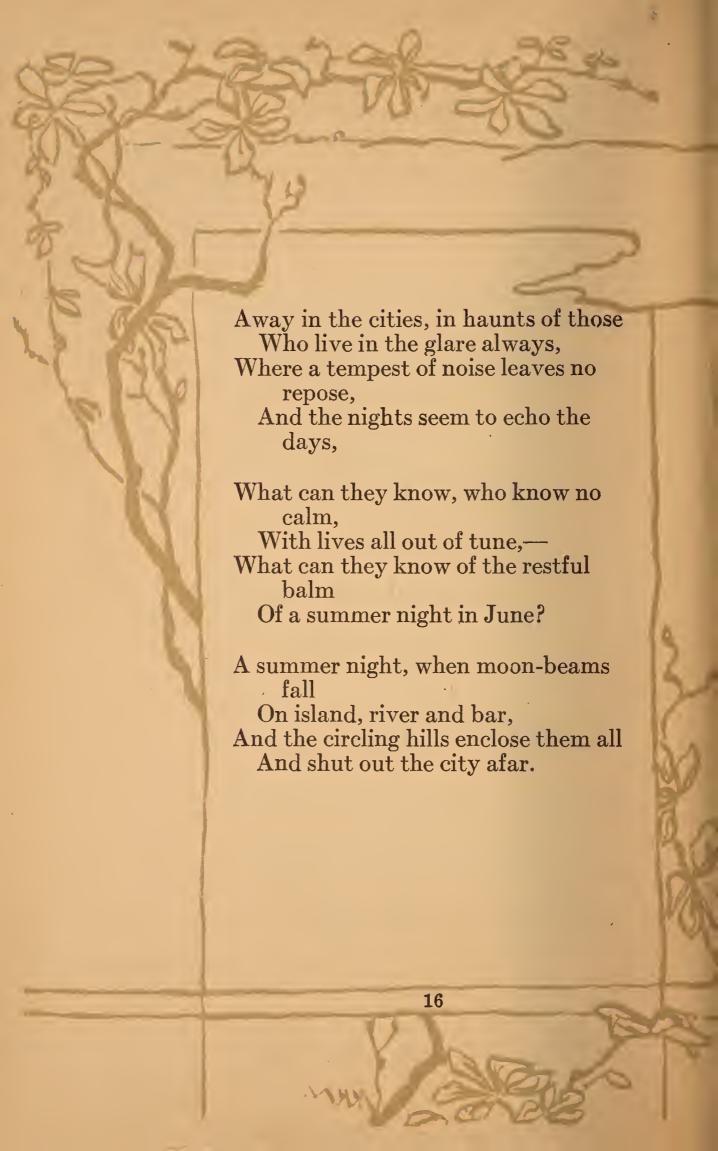
Awaiting in silence his prey,
The big hill patiently faces the east,
To seize the first morning ray.

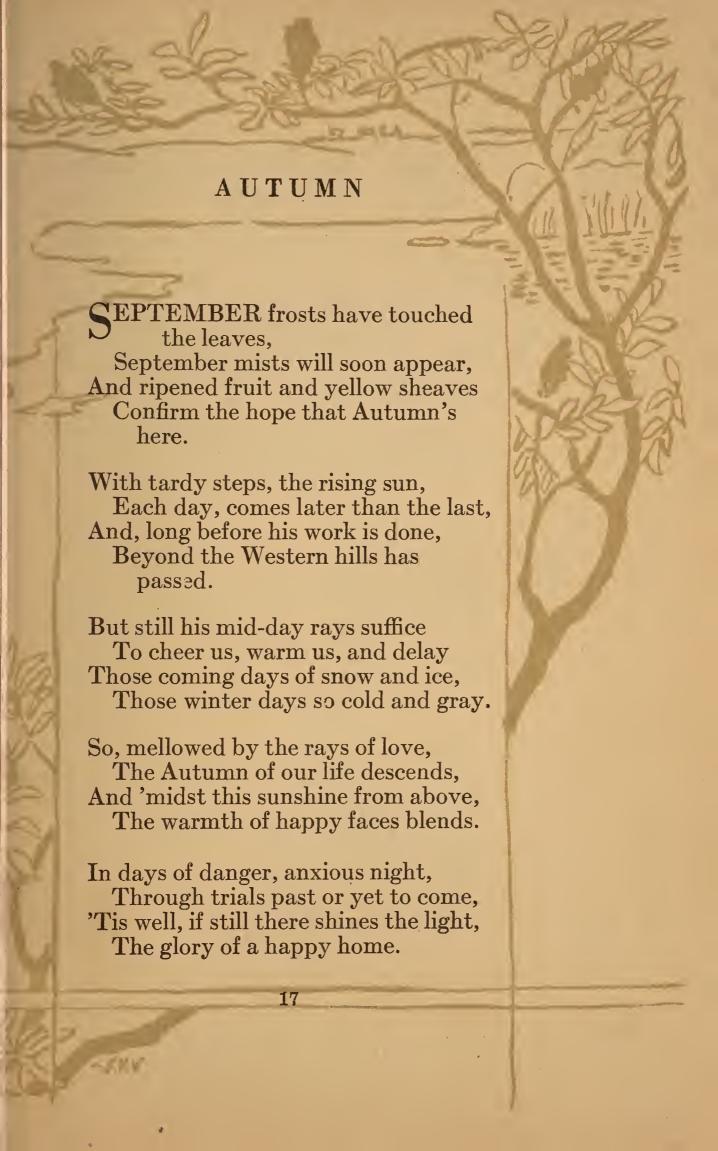
Below the hill, in valley and plain,
The wheat-fields peacefully rest,
Each guarding its treasure of golden
grain,

Held fast in its billowing breast.







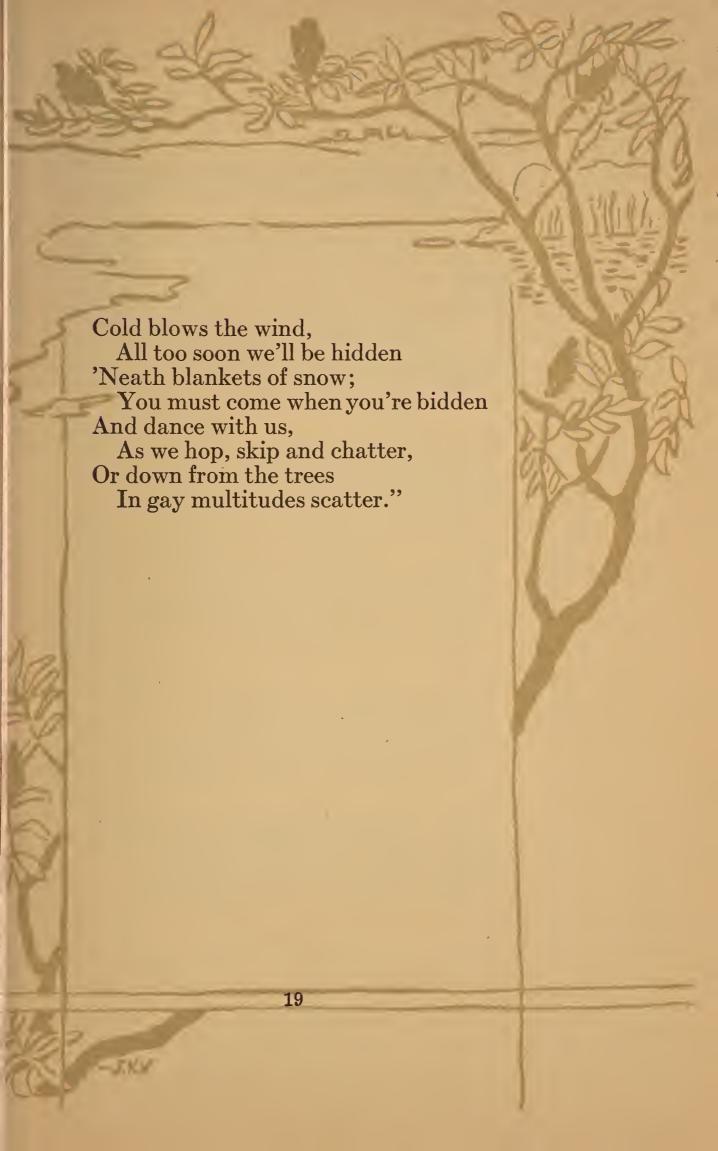


SONG OF THE AUTUMN LEAVES

"COME, dance with us,
As we hop, skip, and flutter."
The Autumn leaves say
With their dry little mutter.
"Our tune shall be,
What the wild breezes whistle;
Our step shall be light,
As the tuft on the thistle.

And all the day
Down the long streets we hurry,
Or over the fields
Like the wild witches, skurry;
Do you not see,
How delightfully jolly
Our merry life is,
Full of laughter and folly?

Oak leaves and elm,
Like bits of brown leather,
Go dancing about
With bright maples, together;
Here is no caste,
A democracy truly,
Like boys out of school,
Full of life and unruly.



THANKSGIVING DAY

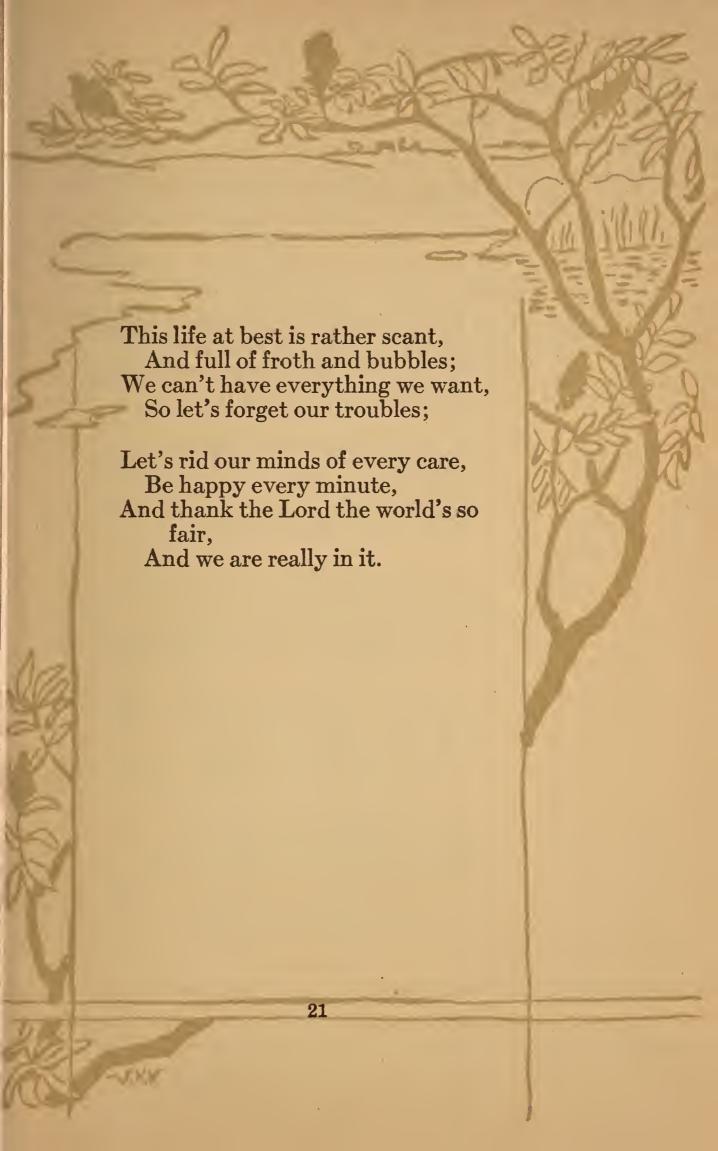
'TIS pleasant, when you feel in debt,
'Tho you be saint or sinner,
To have your obligations met,
By eating a big dinner.

If everything has come your way
'Tis easy to be grateful,
When all you have to do, to pay,
Is measured by the plateful.

Perhaps 'twould be a harder task
If all for which we've striven,
And all the things for which we ask
Were not so freely given.

The man who's never had enough In spite of many a blessing, Perhaps will find his turkey tough And grumble o'er the dressing.

While he whom fortune has passed by,
Who doubts that life's worth living,
Will, smiling, eat his pumpkin pie
And share in our Thanksgiving.





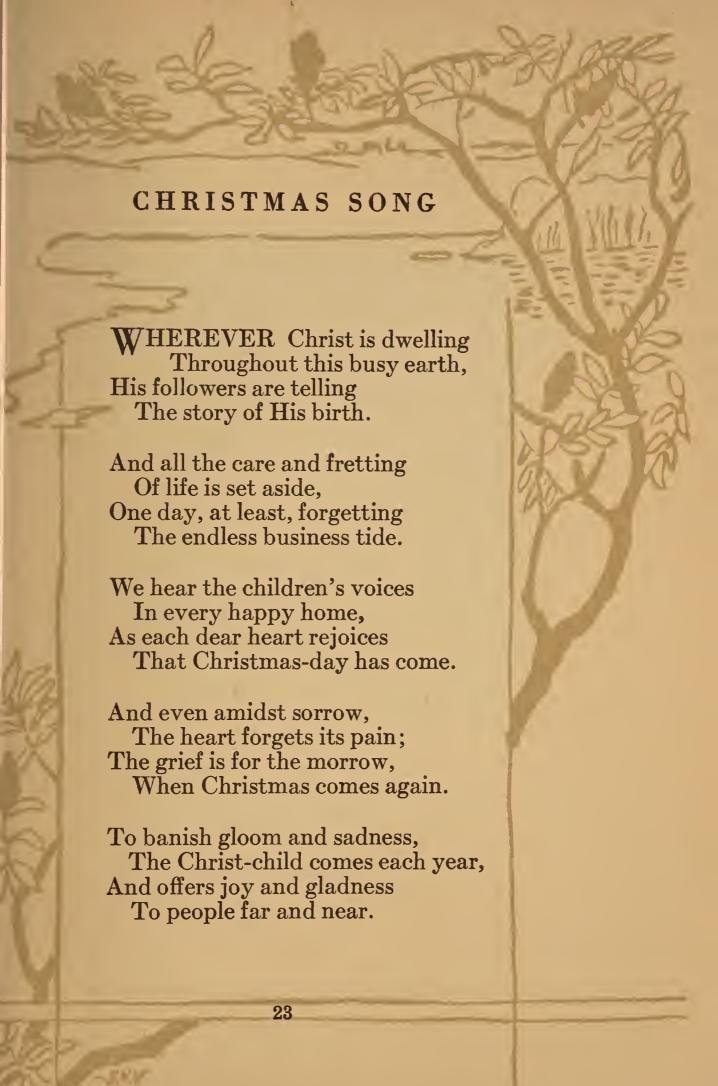
HO! ladies all and gentlemen!
Have ye forgot the day
When Christ, revealed to mortal ken,
In humble cradle lay?

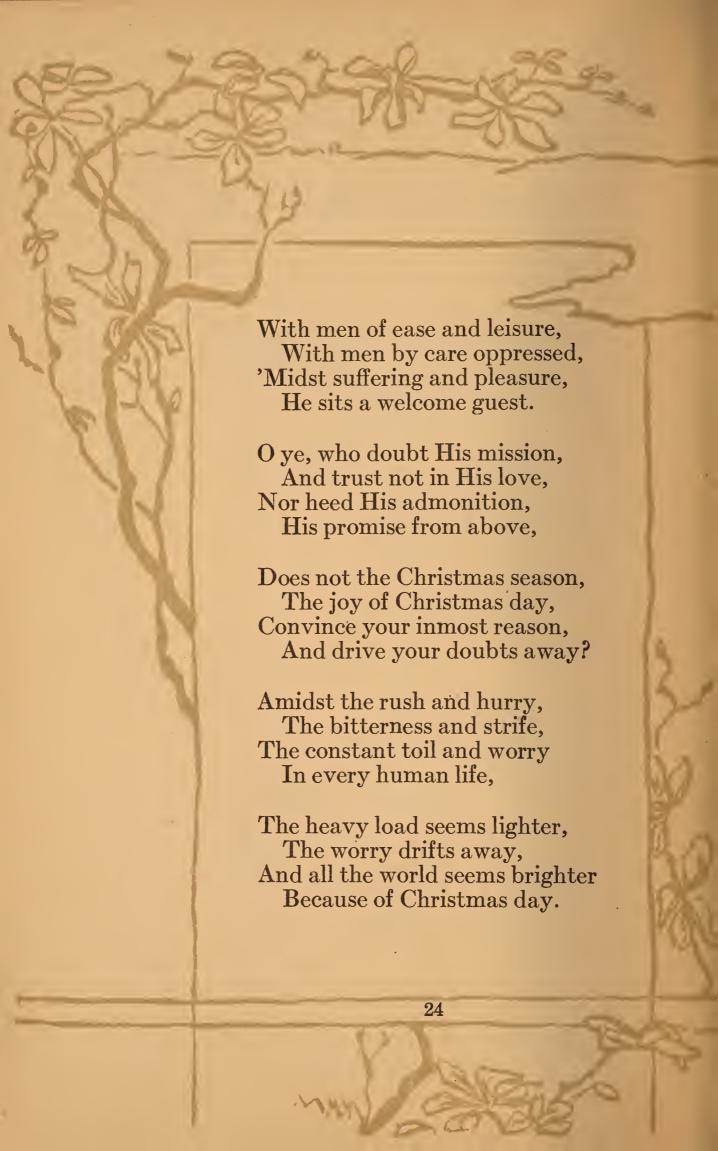
No mistletoe, nor holly green, Was there to grace His birth; No sugared cakes, nor candies seen, When first He came to earth.

No merry laughter, shout of joy Awoke that Christmas morn; No childish gifts of book or toy Were His, when Christ was born.

No gladsome bells, nor organ tone, No choir with carols bright; A Mother's lullaby alone Gave music to that night.

Ho! ladies all and gentlemen!
What means this day to you?
That He had come, they knew not then;
Have ye forgotten, too?

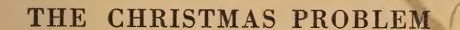






"The friendly moon, her course half run, On the slumbering earth looks down;"



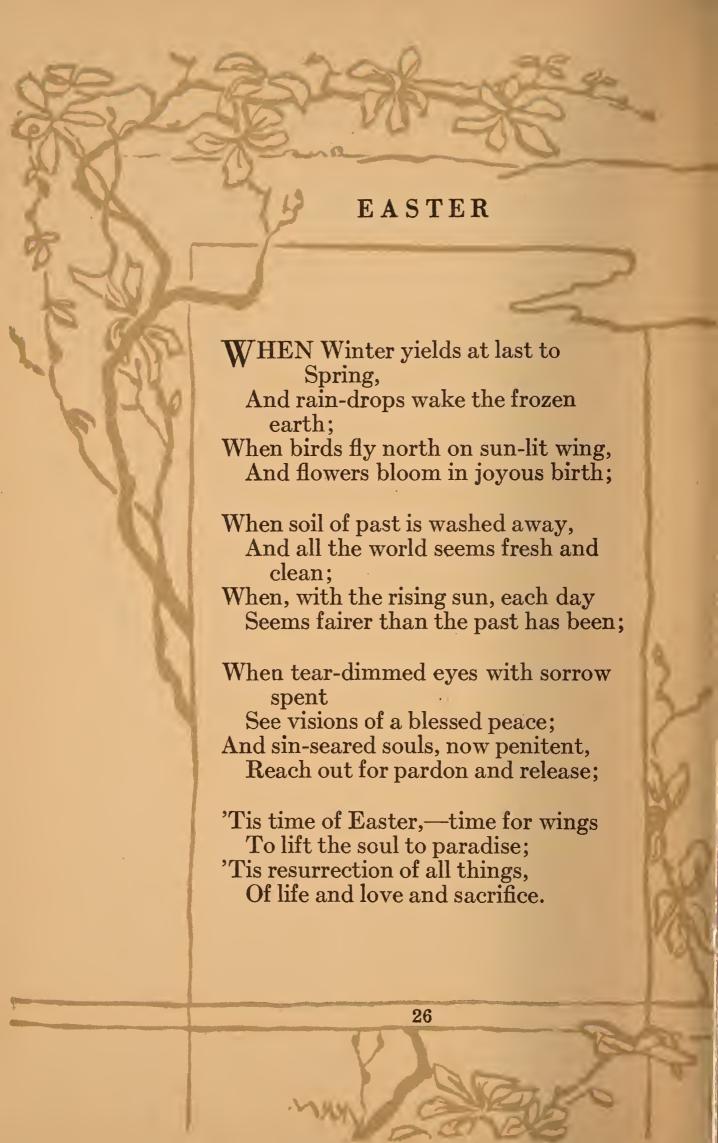


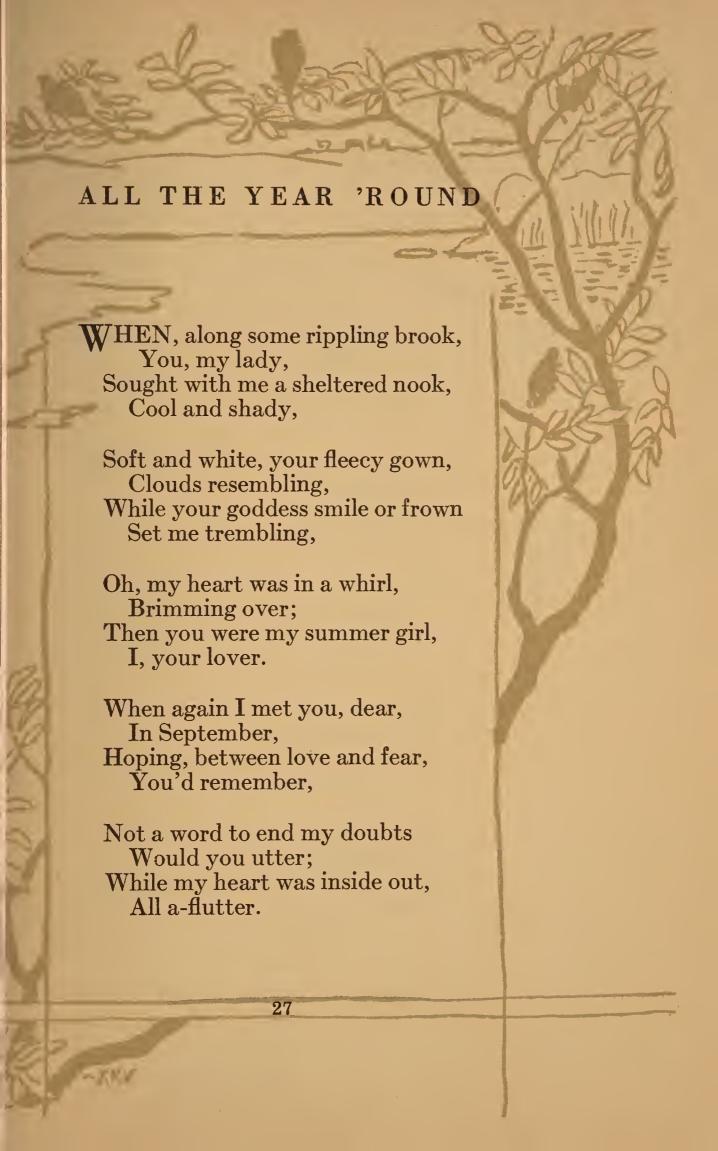
IT'S clear to me that Santa Claus Has never had a wife; With all his tricks, A pretty fix, He'd find a married life.

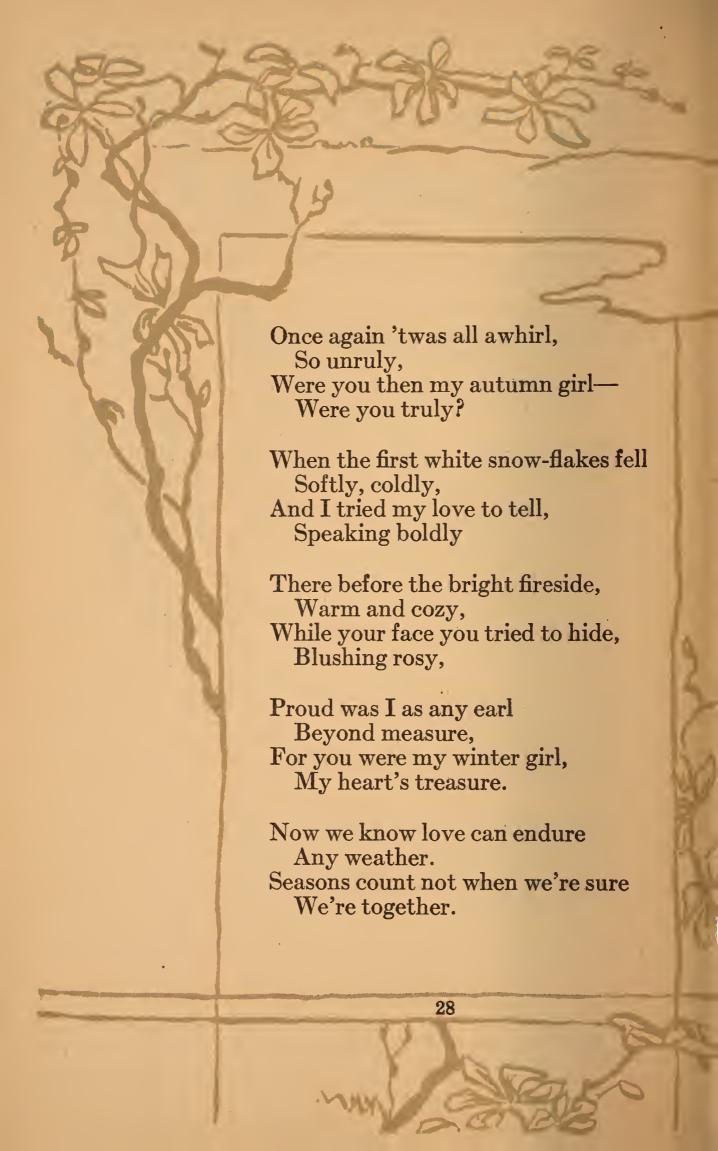
For when the Christmas time came 'round'
With all its Christmas joys,
Instead of dolls
And fol-de-rols
For little girls and boys,

His mind must conjure up some gift
To please his darling spouse;
What shall it be,
O deary me,
A mountain or a house?

And when his vain and fruitless
dreams
Had chopped his brain to hash,
He'd heave a sigh,
The same as I,
And give his wife some cash.

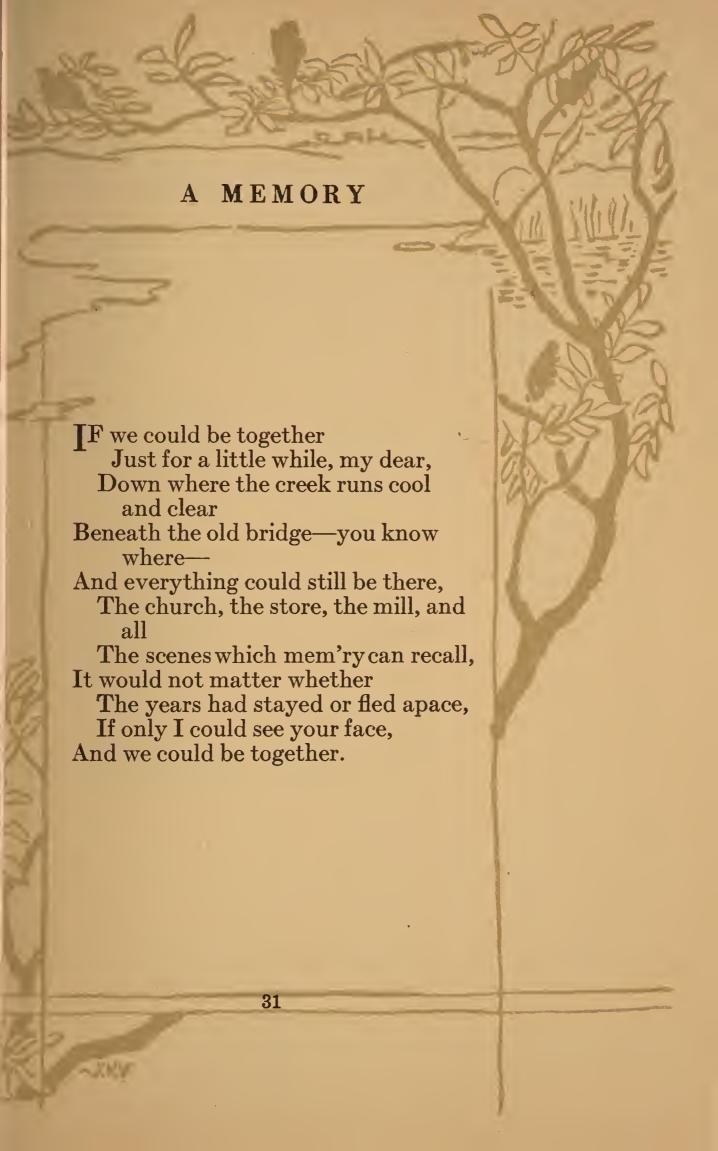


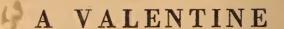




Personal Poems





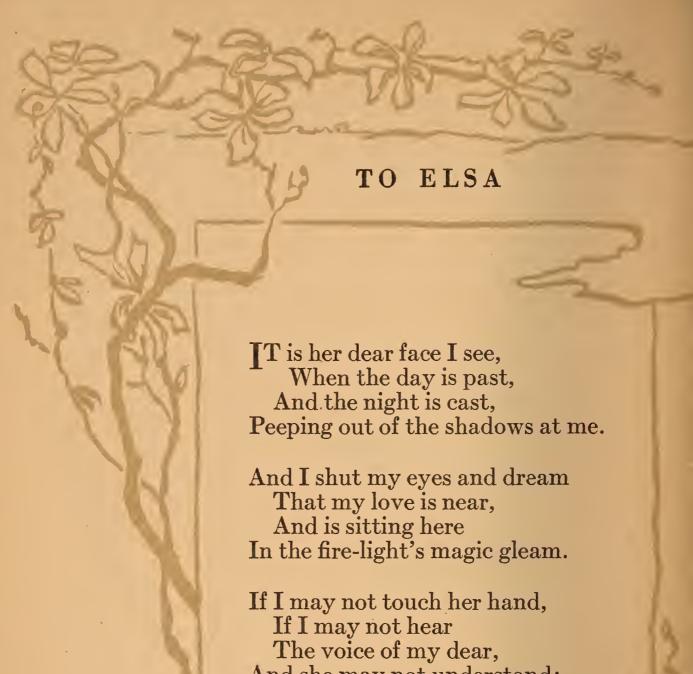


I CARE not how she wears her hair,In ringlets or in tresses,'Tis not the jewels she doth wear,Nor fashion of her dresses.

What matter if her step be light
As fairy, in the dances,
Or that her eyes so wondrous bright,
Veil mischief in their glances.

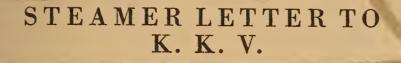
If only I can win her heart,
I'll seek no other treasure,
Each charming grace may do its part,
But love shall be the measure.





And she may not understand;

Though I know we are apart, Yet my dream is true, And I'm sure it is you, For I'm thinking of you, sweetheart.



One To Be Read Each Day

1

HO! it's up with the anchor,
Farewell to the shore,
The breeze is a spanker,
The ocean's before;
Our steamer is peerless
In breasting the wave,
Our captain is fearless,
His crew strong and brave.

2

We rock and roll on the restless deep, Heave Ho! — Heave Ho! It's pleasant to lie in your bunk and

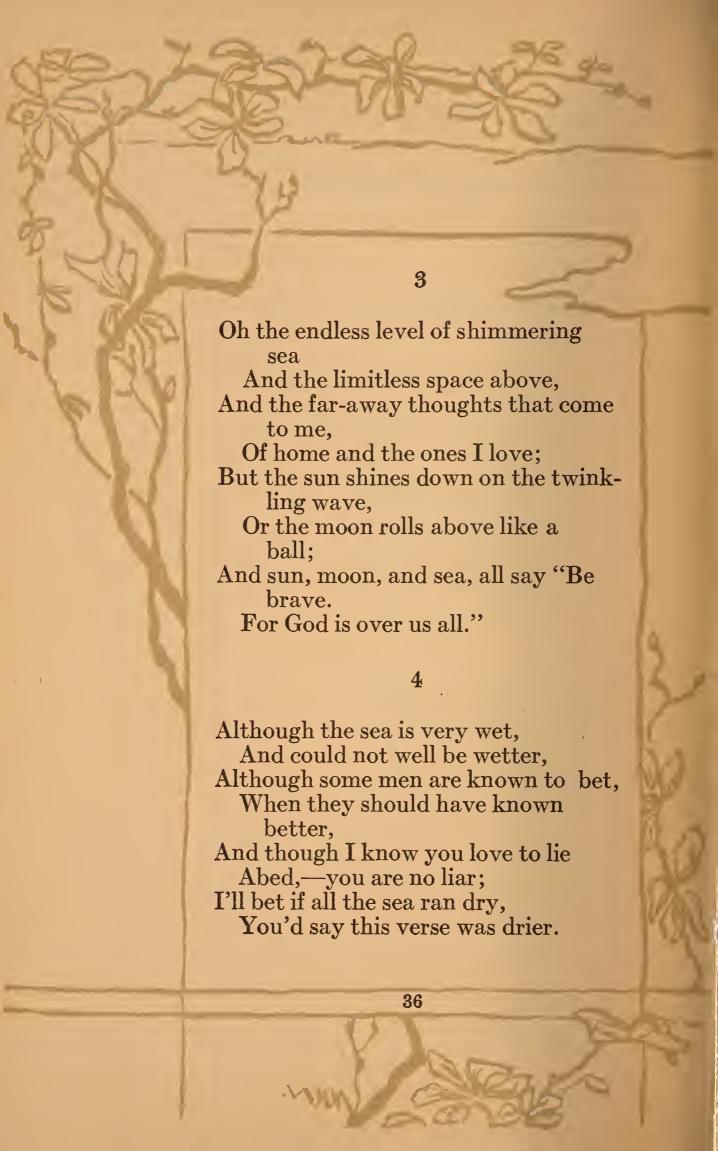
sleep.

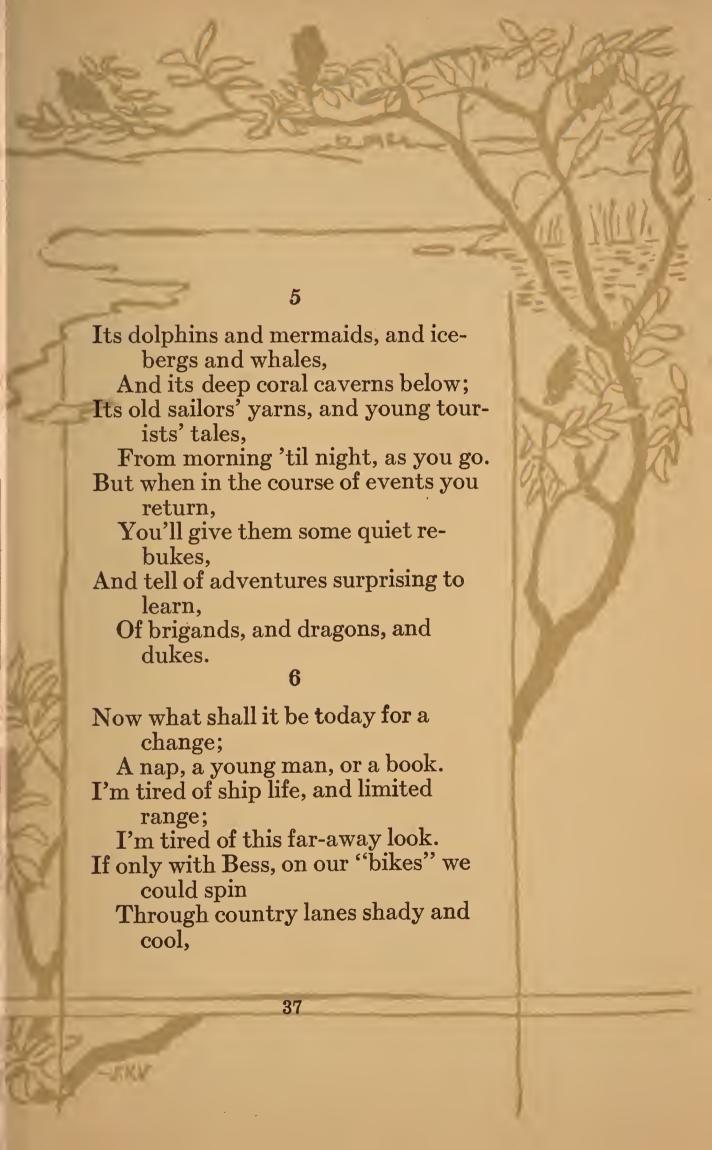
Heave Ho! Heave Ho!

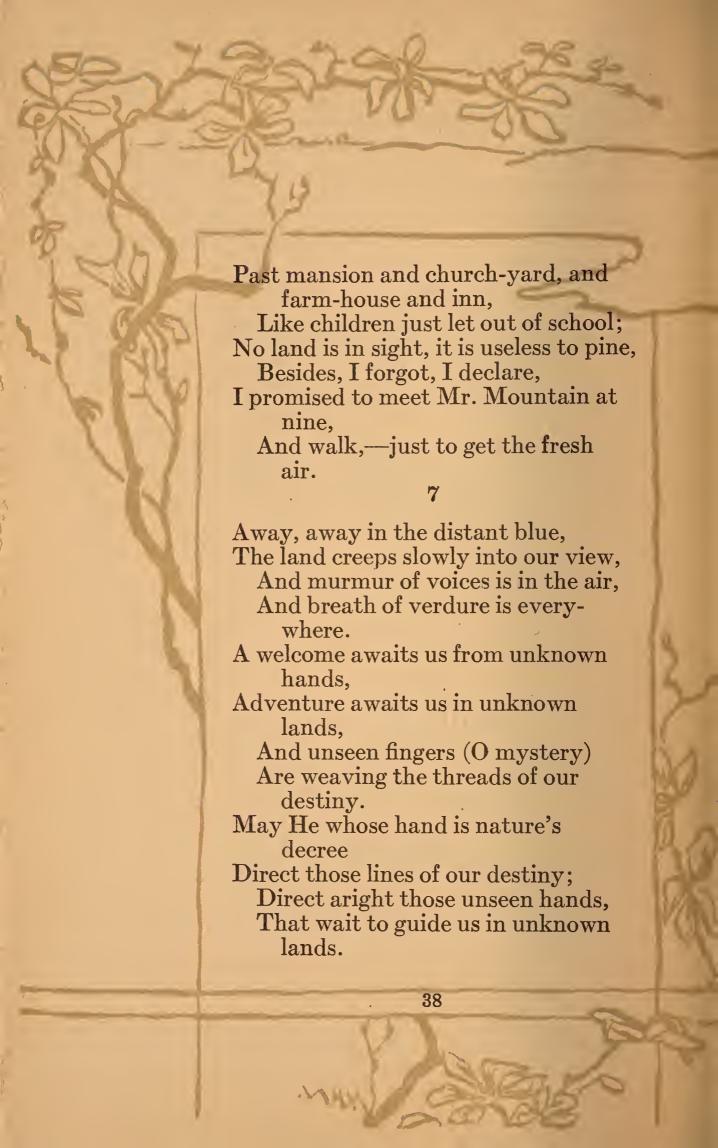
But pleasanter far, if you had your wish,

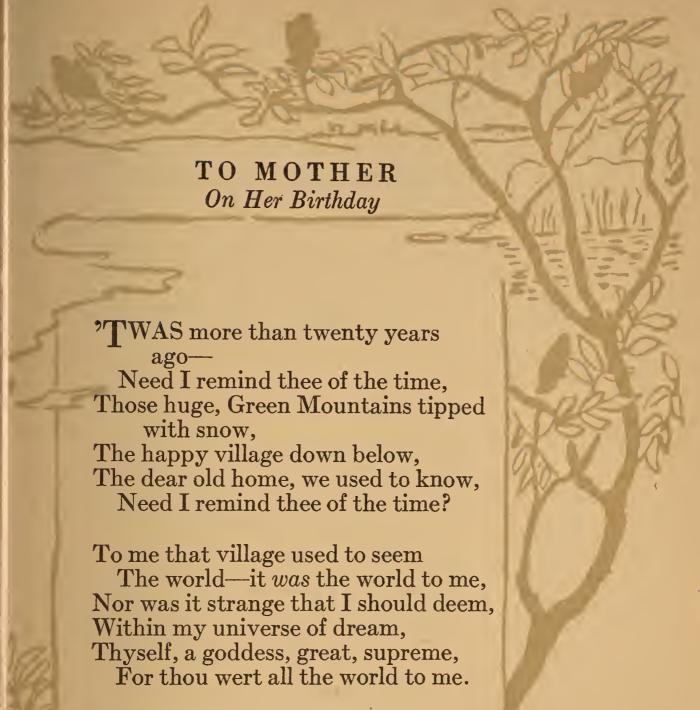
Oh Heave! — Oh Heave!

To once get out of this kettle of fish, Oh Heave! — Oh Heave!



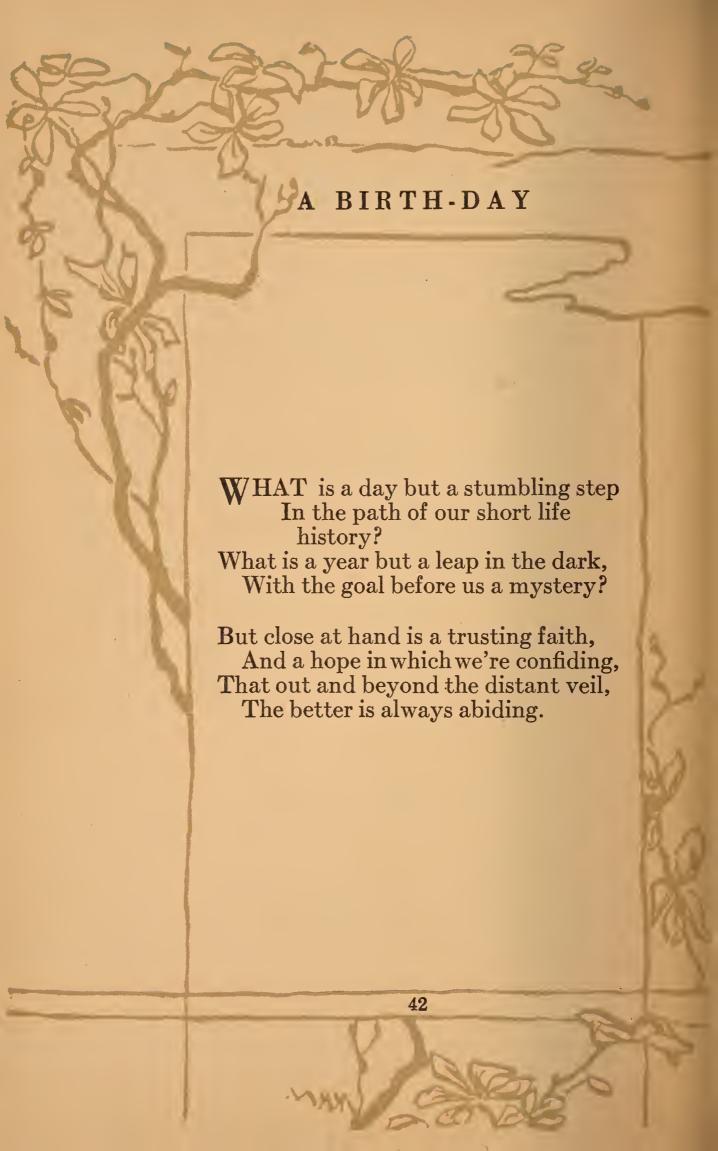




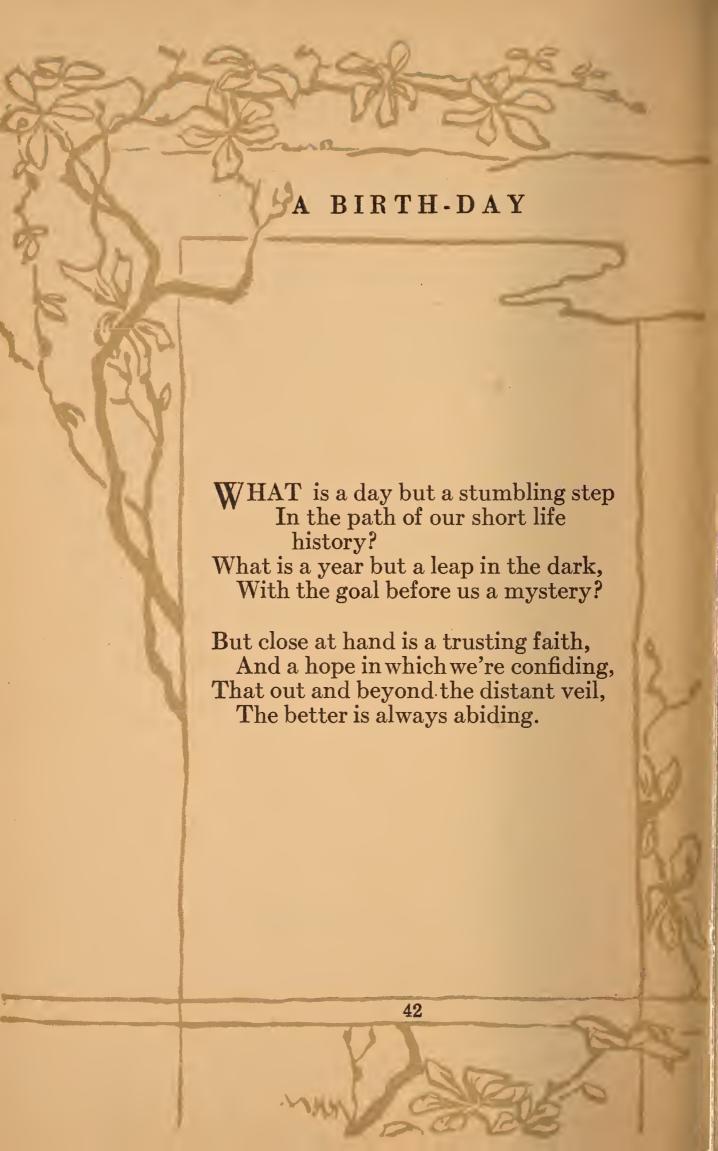


And though 'tis twenty years and more,

The memory of those boyhood days Comes knocking at Affection's door, And finds within, the love of yore, As fond, as tender, as before, As dear as in those boyhood days.

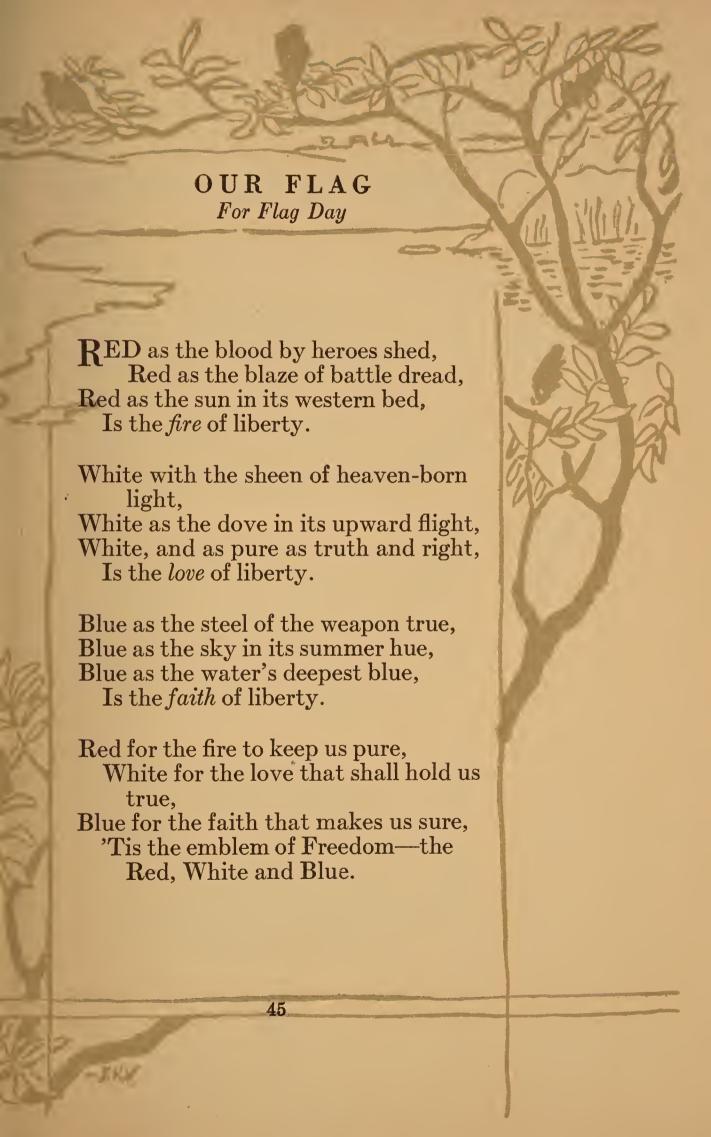


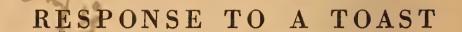
General Poems



General Poems



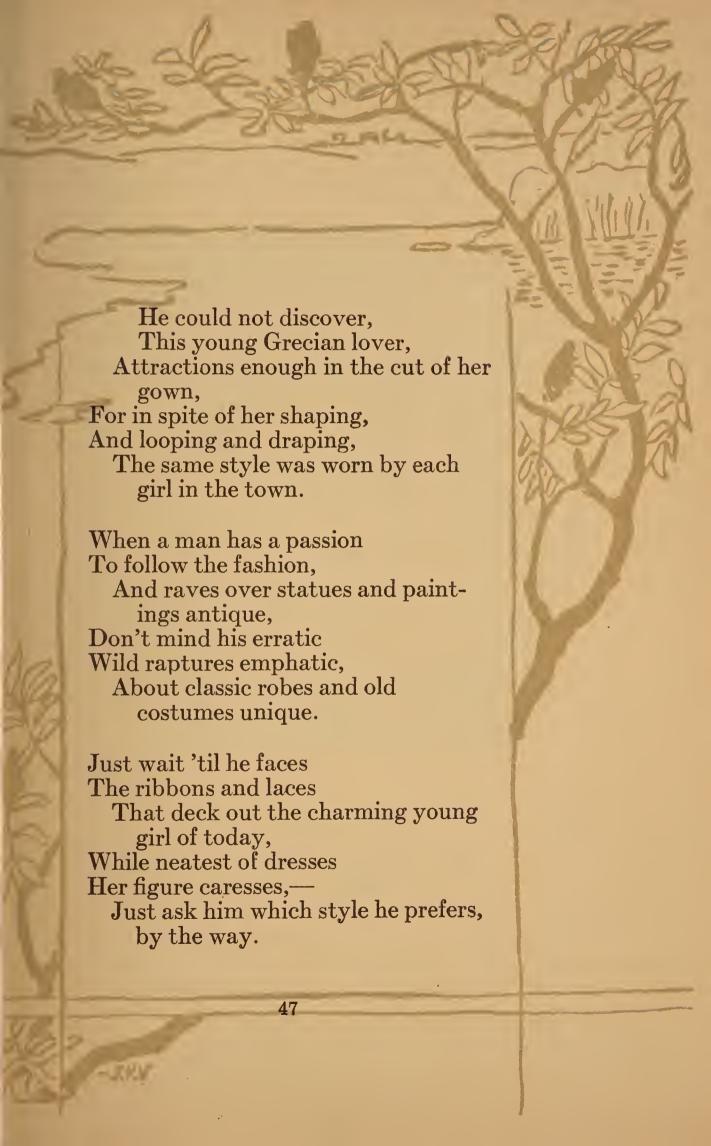




IN the days of old Hellas
The poets all tell us,
('Tis strange how such fancies get
into one's brain)
The young Grecian hero
Kept his heart above zero
By ogling the girls, 'though he
knew 'twas in vain.

I sometimes have wondered,
(Perhaps I have plundered
This idea from someone more
brilliant than I)
What he found to attract him
When the fever attacked him,
The young lady's hair or the glance
of her eye.

Was't the touch of her finger
That seemed just to linger
A moment o'erlong in his hand,
shyly pressed,
Set his heart and brain reeling:
You've all had that feeling—
That thrill more than once, if the
truth were confessed.



He'll sooner or later,
Unless he's a traitor,
Confess she's the fairest, the
sweetest, the best;
He'll long to possess her,
And love her, God bless her,
And give not a thought to the way
she is dressed.

Now, if you are willing,
Your glasses first filling,
To drink to the health of the girl
you love most,
Just rise in your places,
Display your best graces,
And join in this happy, this timehonored toast.

To woman, who, inspired by love
An angel's place might fill;
To love, be loved, and yet to love,
And, 'though unloved,—love still.



"From the island gloom, from the hilltops bare, From the sands of the glistening bar."





CAPRICIOUS, fickle, wayward, wild, Alternate friend, or god, or child; His weapon is a shining dart, His cognizance, a bleeding heart.

Now scorched by passion's burning heat,

Now soothed by fond delusions sweet, His victims risk their hopes, their lives,

To reach the lure his skill contrives.

'Tis sculptors' boast, and artists' joy To picture forth this dangerous boy, His curly head, his smiling face, His chubby limbs, his wings of grace;

And poets feel inspired to lays Of wondrous verses in his praise; And vie to show each new deceit, That makes his victory complete.

Yet all must sometime feel the sting Or the caress his touch will bring. Caress or sting,—which it shall be? He will decide, and only he. But there's another bears his name, His image, face, and smile the same; He wields no bow, no dart, no lance, Two golden links his cognizance. The poets seldom sing of him, Yet sometimes out of mem'ries dim, Some gentle hand will draw a strain So sweet, we list and list again, And seem to feel that silken bond Untouched by passion, tender, fond, Pure as the blue of heav'n above, Unselfish sister-brother love. 50



THY hand, dear Lord!
In darkness I am groping.
I cannot find the way
Alone. I only pray
For help, while waiting—hop

For help, while waiting—hoping—Give me Thy hand.

Hold fast, dear Lord!
My feet are ever straying
Aside. I am not sure,
But suffer and endure,
Looking to Thee and praying
Thou hold me fast.

Lead me, dear Lord!

Have pity on my blindness!

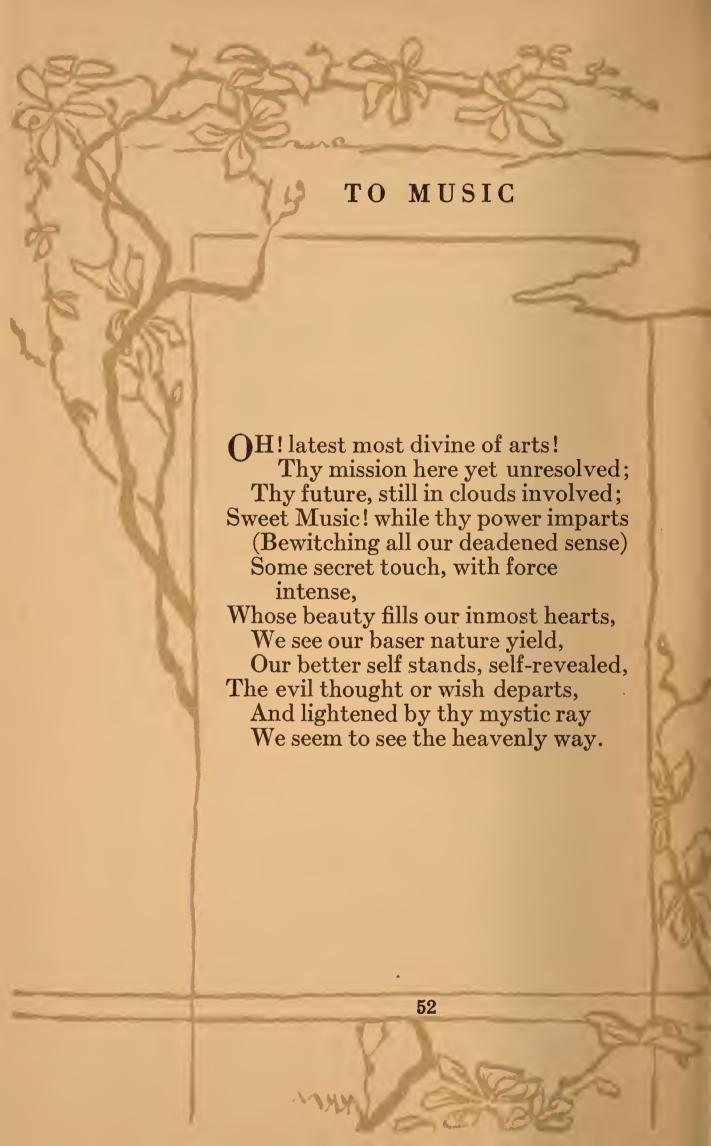
Along the weary length

Of days, my feeble strength

Must fail, unless in kindness

Thou lead me on.

Save me, dear Lord!
From doubt and vain repining.
Strengthen my faith in Thee
Until I clearly see
The Light Eternal shining
And I am safe.





THROUGH shuttered panes I see the light,

And know, that, somewhere, far away,

Some hidden force sends forth the ray

That changes all the gloom of night To day.

I wonder what lies there beyond,
And, wondering, throw the shutters
wide

To seek the answer, long denied;
To beg some distant voice respond,
And guide.

Thus seek I, wondering, soul aflame,
My mind in tumult of desire;
With blinded vision still aspire
To learn the source from whence it
came,
That fire.

When weary quest ends in despair,
Convinced at last I may not win
That distant radiance, I begin
To search my heart, and find it there,
Within.



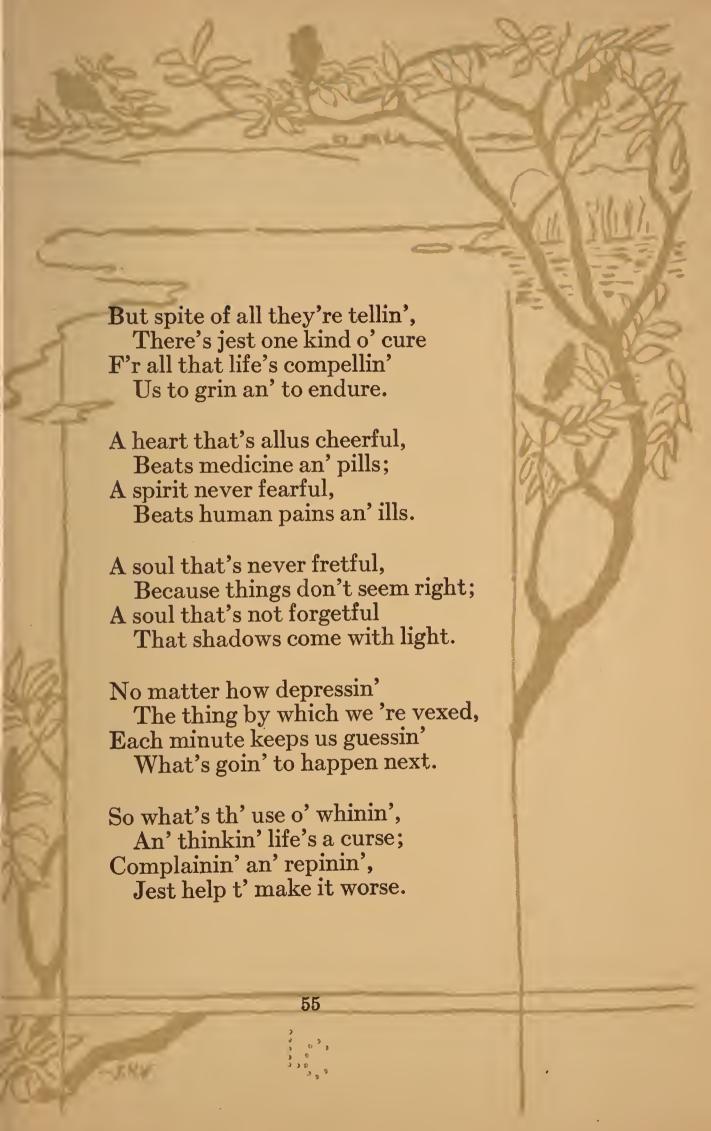
SOME folks is allus gruntin'
About their aches an' pain,
An' most the time jest huntin'
F'r a reason to complain.

There's many a kind o' trouble,
As much as one can bear;
Sometimes they seem to double
Up, an' give you more 'n your share.

P'rhaps it's jest a feelin'
O' misery in your heart;
Somethin' that's got no healin',
That allus seems to smart.

Or maybe you are weary,
An' wish you're well an' strong;
P'rhaps you're feelin' teary,
Because th' time seems long.

Meanwhile your friends an' nurses,
An' doctors hang about,
An' spite of all your curses,
They dope you in an' out.





IN graceful pose your elbows plant, And while with thought you wrestle,

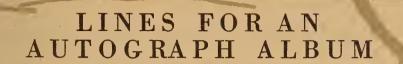
Your dimpled chin with upward slant, Soft in your palm should nestle.

Now'twixt your lips, your pencil place, In search of information,

While eyes gaze upward into space, In deepest contemplation.

But what to write, I cannot say, Nor need I to complete it,

The cook who makes your cake today,
Ne'er tells you how to eat it.



IF all the names in Christendom
Were built on the same plan,
And down from Adam's time had
come
The simple title "man,"

What use were then this little book,
Without Jones, Smith or Brown,
To enter here with dash and crook
Those names of great renown?

CONTENTMENT

CONTENTMENT is a jewel, rare, And faultless; a sure lease, Of happiness, and holding there, The copyright of peace.



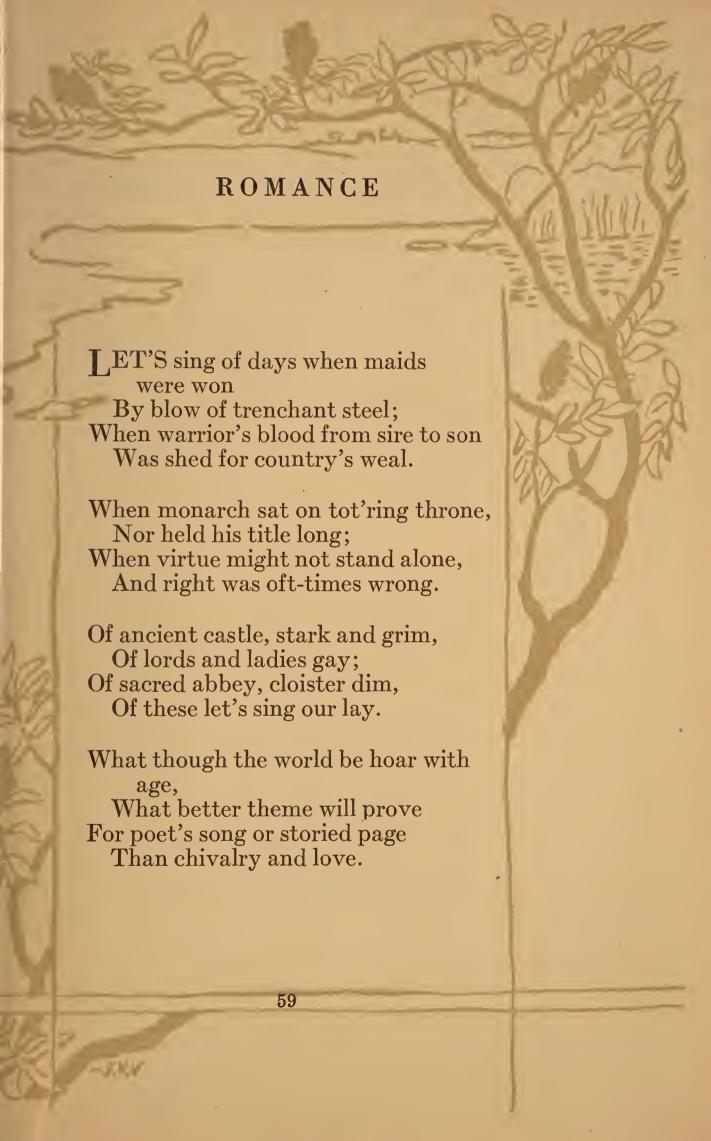
THE gods of Ancient Greece foresaw
The danger of bad cooks;
So ate their famed ambrosia raw,
And trusted not in books.

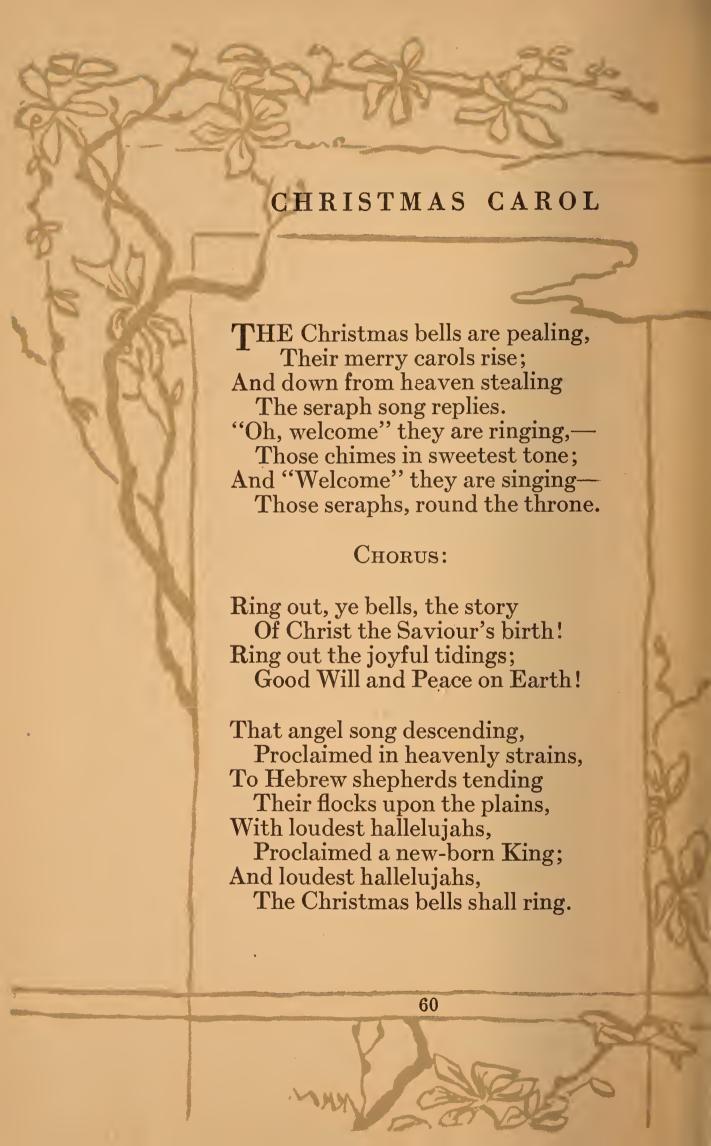
In modern Grease, the cook's supreme,
And when her victim's fed,
Her art decides the kind of dream
Shall hover o'er his bed.

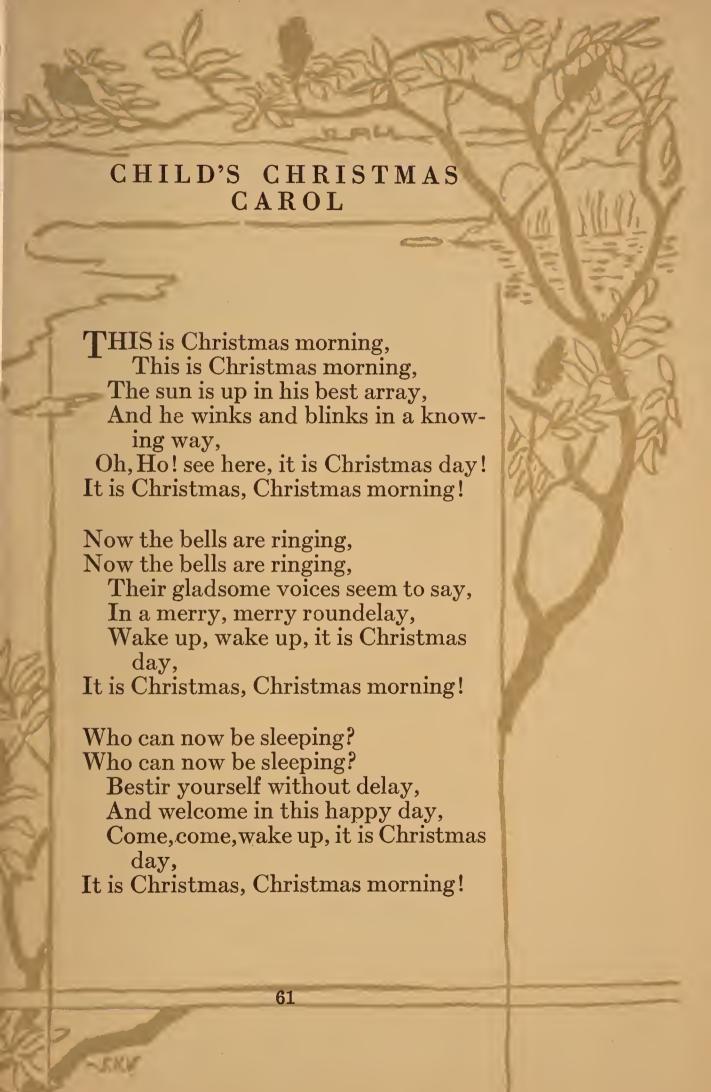
She sometimes serves up horrid things
That fill your breast with pain,
And oft at night her mixture brings,
New terrors to your brain.

At last we've found a sure relief.

We'll all begin to cook,—
You "Don't know how?"—The rules
are brief,
You'll find them in this book.







CHRISTMAS CAROL —PROCESSIONAL

WITH cross and banner lifted high,
Our hearts with love united;
We honor Him triumphantly,
To whom our vows are plighted.
Our joyful songs His praises sing,
We raise our happy voices;
Hosanna to the new-born King,
In Him all earth rejoices.

All decked in festival array,
With wreaths and garlands blending
To celebrate this Christmas day,
Our joyful steps attending.
Still, loud our glad hosannas ring,
And shout our happy voices;

Hosanna to the new-born King, In Him all earth rejoices!

Come join with us in carols sweet,
Let each his love confessing,
Lay fairest tribute at His feet,
And win the Saviour's blessing;
And while your offering you bring,
Uplift your thankful voices;
Hosanna to the new-born King,
In Him all earth rejoices!

L' ENVOI

Calmly sailing o'er the sea Think of me dear—think of me.

Rolling o'er the gentle wave

Be your musings gay, not grave.

When the angry billows roar,

Be not worried, think some more.

If ship you're is sure sinkthe ing

Keep
on
thinking,
Keep
on
thinking.







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